JUDGE DREDD®

VOLUME 6

BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT

JUDGE DREDD
VOLUME 6

CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD®

WRITER ★ DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI

THE STAKES

ARTIST ★ SHANE PIERCE

BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT

ARTIST ★ STEPHEN B. SCOTT (PT. 1)
& NELSON DANIEL (PT. 2 & 3)

LETTERER ★ SHAWN LEE

SERIES ASSISTANT EDITOR ★ MICHAEL BENEDETTO

SERIES EDITOR ★ CHRIS RYALL

COLLECTION COVER ★ SHANE PIERCE

COLLECTION EDITORS ★ JUSTIN EISINGER
AND ALONZO SIMON

COLLECTION DESIGN ★ SHAWN LEE

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ART BY *SHANE PIERCE*

YES, DREDD— THIS IS ANDERSON.
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT TARJAY. HE KILLED ME.
THE MOMENT THE BULLET MADE IMPACT, I TURNED MY FOCUS INWARD.
CONCENTRATING MY PSYCHIC ENERGY ON THE UNDAMAGED PORTIONS OF MY BRAIN.
IF I HELD ON LONG ENOUGH, KEEPING MY BRAIN ALIVE WITH PSYCHIC MICRO-SHOCKS...
...MAYBE A MED-UNIT COULD REVIVE ME IN TIME.
BUT WE WERE NOT IN A PLACE WHERE A MED-UNIT COULD POSSIBLY FIND ME.

MY HEART STOPPED.
THE FLOW OF BLOOD TO MY BRAIN CEASED.
I STUBBORNLY HELD ON ANYWAY.
REFUSING TO LET GO.
DREDD... IT WAS LIKE HOLDING MY BREATH FOREVER.

THEN I WOKE UP.
IMMOBILE.
YET STILL ABLE TO FEEL EVERYTHING.
SOMETHING COLD AND TACKY RUSHED THROUGH MY VEINS.
MY CONSCIOUSNESS STILL CLUNG TO MY BRAIN, AS IF I WERE A SQUATTER IN MY OWN BODY...
...WHICH WAS FOLLOWING ANOTHER, ALIEN SET OF COMMANDS.
IT WAS LIKE BEING RESURRECTED.
AND WAKING UP IN HELL.

I COULD HEAR THE OTHER TRANSFORMATIONS TAKING PLACE IN THE MORGUE.
BUT I COULDN'T TURN TO LOOK. I HAD NO CONTROL OVER MY EYES OR MY NECK.
ALL I HAD WAS A TWISTED FUNHOUSE MIRROR REFLECTION OF TARJAY ON THE TABLE NEXT TO ME...
...AS HE BECAME DEATH ITSELF.
DEATH

AND HE HAD BROUGHT BACK HIS PARTNERS IN MAYHEM.
FIRE.
FEAR.
MORTIS.
WE'VE BATTLED THESE CREATURES BEFORE, DREDD.
I THINK YOU AND I HATE THEM MORE THAN ANYONE.
THEY *CANNOT* BE ALLOWED TO STALK THE STREETS OF OUR CITY!
SO I RETREATED INTO THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF MY OWN MIND.
TRIED TO SEND A PSYCHIC WARNING TO THE REST OF PSI-DIVISION.

IT DIDN'T WORK.
BACK IN THE MORGUE, THE FOUR DARK JUDGES BUSIED THEMSELVES WITH THE BODIES OF THE REMAINING FALLEN JUDGES.
SOON, THEY BEGAN THE HORRIBLE TRANSFORMATIONS.
I DID, TOO.

DREDD, I COULD FEEL EVERYTHING.
BUT I COULD STOP NONE OF IT.
THE BONES IN MY HANDS WERE PUSHED ASIDE...
...TO MAKE WAY FOR NEW ONES.
ALONG WITH MY INTERNAL ORGANS.
AND A NEW, SAVAGE CONSCIOUSNESS PUSHED ITS WAY INTO MY BRAIN.

I NEEDED A PLACE TO HIDE.
A SAFE PLACE.
SO I THOUGHT ABOUT MY PARENTS' OLD CON-APT, BACK WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.
I RECALLED EVERY SENSORY DETAIL I COULD . DOWN TO THE SMELL OF *DUST* BURNING IN THE BIO-FUEL DUCTS.
BUT THE ALIEN PRESENCE FOLLOWED ME THERE *ANYWAY*
IT WAS INVISIBLE
IT WAS RELENTLESS.
IT WANTED TO DESTROY ME.

BUT FIRST, T WANTED TO DR NK ME.
I COULD FEEL COLD, HARD SUCKERS ATTACHING THEMSELVES TO MY IMAG NARY FLESH.
I'M TELL NG YOU, I FOUGHT BACK WITH EVERYTH NG I WAS WORTH, DREDD
I REFUSED TO LET T W.N.
NGUH!

STAY OUT OF MY MIND!
JNHHH
THEN I REALIZED: THIS WAS MY WORLD. I COULD HAVE ANYTHING I WANTED.
LAWGIVER.
HOT SHOT.

WARBEE-COMA
DISGUSTING

THE REALLY CURIOUS THING, DREDD?
THIS STAR VAMPIRE WASN'T A BEING FROM DEADWORLD—THE DARK JUDGES' HOME DIMENSION.
IT WAS AS IF JUDGE DEATH WAS DEPUTIZING BEINGS FROM OTHER DIMENSIONS.
WHY?
AT THE MOMENT, ALL I KNEW WAS THAT THIS DISGUSTING, SHAMBLING CREATURE WANTED TO FIGHT ITS WAY INTO OUR WORLD.
AND MY MIND WAS THE PORTAL

OH, GRJD.
I COULD SEE THROUGH THE WALLS OF IT'S MIND INTO THE DARKEST REACHES OF OUTER SPACE—ALL THE WAY TO THIS DAMNED THING'S HOME ADDRESS.
YOU'RE NOT GETT NG THROUGH.
YOU JNDERSTAND ME?
BLAM BLAM!
THE TH NG DIDN'T JNDERSTAND ME
OR IT DIDN'T CARE
IT WANTED ME GONE.

THEN I REALIZED: IF I COULD SUMMON A PSYCHIC LAWGIVER, WHY COULDN'T I SUMMON A PSYCHIC VERSION OF YOU?
DREDD, I NEED BACKUP!
WHAT'S THE SITUATION?
LOOKS LIKE A STAR VAMPIRE. WE HAVE TO SEND IT BACK TO ITS DIMENSION.
STAKES.
YOU MESSED WITH THE WRONG JUDGES, CREEP!

HOW'D THIS THING END UP IN YOUR MIND, ANDERSON?
IT'S A LONG STORY, DREDD..
...REMIND ME TO TELL IT TO YOU SOMETIME IN THE REAL WORLD.

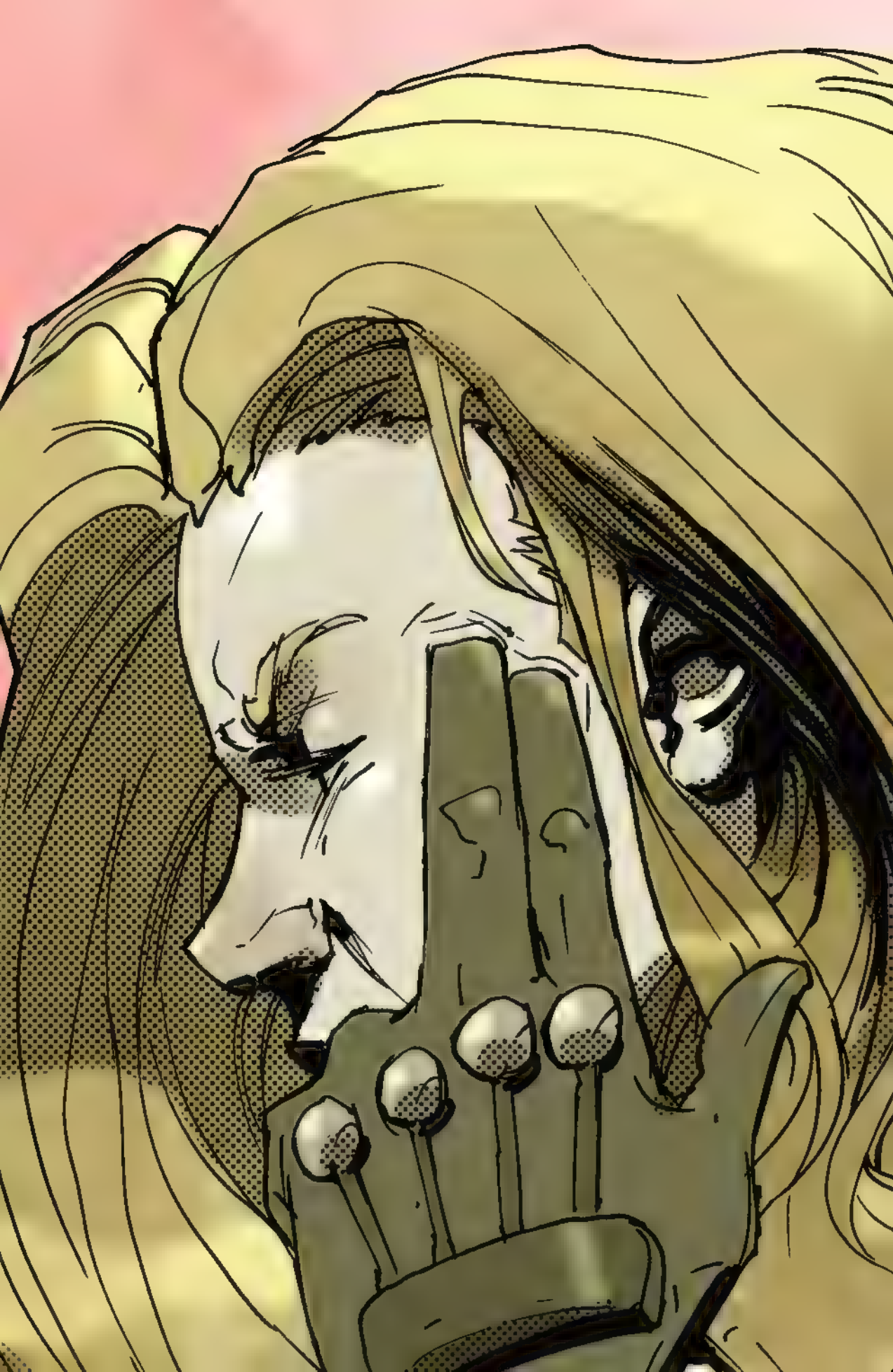
DROKK!
DREDD, LOOK OUT–
I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET, PUNK!
GAAHHH!
SEEING YOU LIKE THAT, DREDD .. I'LL ADMIT IT.
I LOST MY MIND A LITTLE

I REALIZED THAT NOTHING I CONJURED COULD WORK AGAINST THE BEAST.
IT HAD TO COME DOWN TO ME VERSUS IT
AND IN THE END, I WAS THE ONE LEFT STANDING.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE WORMHOLE CREATED BY THE CREATJRE WAS STILL OPEN FOR BUS.NESS
OH, DROKK DROKK DROKK...
MY MIND VERSJS A SPACE VAMP RE WAS ONE THING.
BJT MY MIND VERSUS AN NTERGALACTIC GATEWAY? NOT A FA.R F GHT AT ALL.
I NEEDED ANOTHER WAY OUT

..DREDD?
I'VE GOT YOU, CASSANDRA.
I'VE GOT YOUUUUU
YOU WERE MY WAY OUT.
WHICH IS WHY I STARTED THIS STORY BY TELLING YOU:

SECTOR ONE, MEGA-CITY ONE.
I'VE GOT YOU TOO I'VE GOT YOU TOO I'VE GOT—
ANDERSON?
ARE YOU INSIDE MY HEAD?!
YES, DREDD— THIS IS ANDERSON.
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT TARJAY. HE KILLED ME.



ART BY NELSON DANIEL

JUST OUTSIDE SECTOR ONE.
MEGA-CITY ONE
"AS YOU CAN SEE, THE SECTOR HAS BEEN COMPLETELY CONTAINED."
MY SPECIAL SCIENCES SERVICE HAS SEEN TO IT THAT THE THREAT OF THE SO-CALLED DARK JUDGES HAS BEEN CONTAINED.
"BJT I WANT TO STRESS SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT."
THIS CITY IS MADE UP OF 304 OTHER PROUD, VIBRANT SECTORS.
AND I WILL CONTINUE TO FOCUS ON KEEPING THESE SECTORS SAFE AND SECURE.

UNFORTUNATELY, INSIDE THE SECTOR, RENEGADE FORMER JUDGE JOSEPH DREDD...
"... HAS LED THE REST OF THE COUNCIL OF FIVE...
"... TO CERTAIN DEATH."
BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT (PART 1)
WRITER: SWIERCZYNSKI • ARTIST: SCOTT • COLORIST: DANIEL • EDITOR: RYALL

JUDGE DEATH'S TOO FAST FOR TRAD.TIONAL SHOTS.
BLAM
BLAMBLAM
BLAM
YOU NEED TO GET IN CLOSE AND—
ANDERSON, PLEASE!
YOU'RE NOT HELPING!
I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU SSSSUFFFERRRR!
HNUH
DREDD MOVE TO—

..YOUR RIGHT, DREDD, YOUR RIGHT!
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MOVE FASTER IF YOU WANT ME TO HELP KEEP YOU ALIVE.
STOMM, ANDERSON!
WHUD
YOU'RE NOT GIVING ME ANYTHING USEFUL.
WELL, YOUR SENSES ARE DAMPENING MY PSYCHIC ABILITY!

THEN LET ME HANDLE THIS.
HOT SHOT.
BAM
DREDD, WHAT'S HAPPENING? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.
DREDD, STAY ALERT. I'M SENSING SERIOUS TROUBLE NEARBY...

SSSSSS
FIRE, FEAR, AND MORTIS ARE GOING TO SURROUND YOU, AND THEN THEY'RE GOING TO-
SSSSSO THIS IS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN HIDING...
HOW DD YOU GET IN HERE? YOU CAN'T BE IN HERE!
YOU LEFT THE DOORSSS OPEN, JUDGE ANDERSSSON...

THUS, AS THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF F.VE STILL ON THIS PLANET..
...IT IS W TH GREAT HUMILITY THAT I ACCEPT THE TITLE OF ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE.
WHAAAAAA
DROKK YOU
SJS GOON
BIGGEST LOAD OF STOMM
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPEN.NG
IS THE A.E.O.U. PROTOCOL ONLINE?
I WANT THE NAMES OF ALL DISSENTING CITIZENS REPORTED TO THE C.V.L D SOBED ENCE UNIT, STAT.
CITIZEN VINCENT KEENAN
CITIZEN MARC RESNICK
CITIZEN RACHEL AUTUMN DEENING

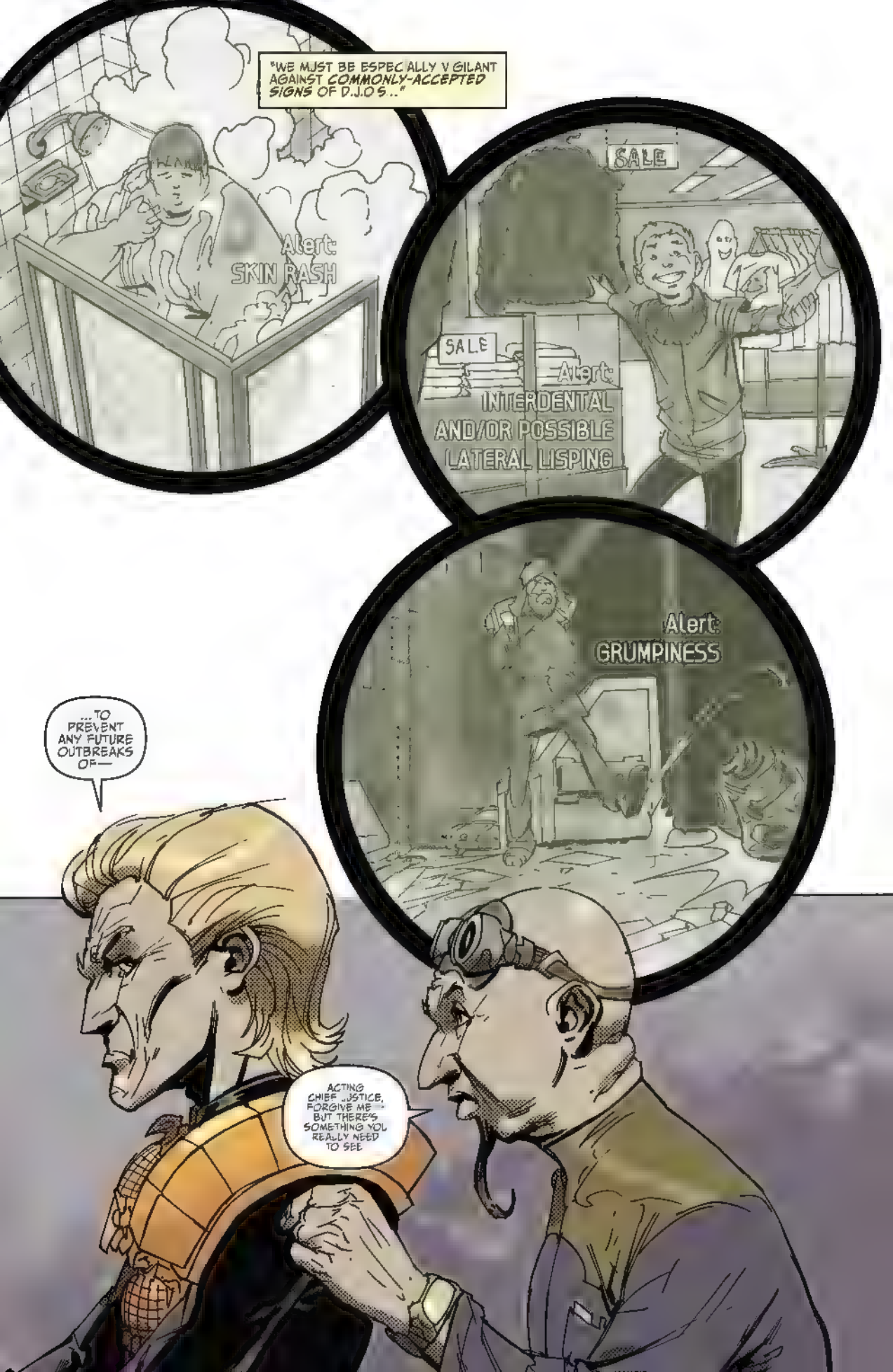
PREPARE TO GAZE INTO THE FACE OF FEAR!
YOU'RE WEARING THE BODY OF A DEAD JUDGE.
BLAM
I'M NOT AFRAID...
I'M FURIOUS.
I'M GONNA SEND YOU CREEPS BACK TO YOUR DIMENSION, ONCE AND FOR ALL!
CHING
AARRRGGHH!

YOU THINGS HAVE RULES! YOU CAN'T POSSESS THE LVNG!
YOU THINK YOU CAN HIIIIDE FROM USSSS?
YOU WERE ONCE ONE OF USSSSS...
HUNH
..YOU WILL JOIN USSSSS AGAIN...

ANDERSON! ARE YOU STILL WITH ME?
I'D REALLY LIKE YOUR OPINION ABOUT SOMETHING I'M ABOJT TO DO.
NAMELY... IF I'M GOING TO SJRVIVE WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO.
CRONK
KRESHHHH
"I JUST REMEMBERED... THIS IS MY WORLD."

AND YOU'RE TRESPASSING.
I CAN CRUSSSSHHHH YOUR HEART...
FUNNY. BECAUSE I DON'T FEEL A TH NG.
MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE I'M ALREADY DEAD.
WHERE ISSS DREDD?
IF WE ARE TO BREAK OUT OF TH!SSSSS SSSSSECTOR...
...WE MUSSSSST POSSSESSSS HIM!

AND IN MY FIRST ACT AS... UM, ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE...
...I'VE COME UP WITH MEASURES THAT WILL PREVENT ANY FUTURE D.O.S– DARK JUDGE OUTBREAKS.
I CALL IT... THE A.E.O.U.* PROTOCOL!
SIMPLY PUT– A STATE-OF-THE-ART SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM THAT MONITORS YOUR EVERY MOVE!
*ALL EYES ON U
FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION, OF COURSE
WHEN ANY SIGNS OF ABERRANT, DEVIANT, OR OTHERWISE UNTOWARD BEHAVIOR IS DETECTED...
CITIZEN: MARC RESNICK
Behavior: Slight Cynicism // Poor Attitude
"...THE NEAREST JUDGES ARE ALERTED WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO SUBDUE AND OBSERVE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE."
DALTON


"WE MUST BE ESPECIALLY VIGILANT AGAINST COMMONLY-ACCEPTED SIGNS OF D.J.O.S.."
Alert: SKIN RASH
SALE
SALE
Alert: INTERDENTAL AND/OR POSSIBLE LATERAL LISPING
Alert: GRUMPINESS
...TO PREVENT ANY FUTURE OUTBREAKS OF—
ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE, FORGIVE ME— BUT THERE'S SOMETHING YOU REALLY NEED TO SEE

DREDD.
DREDD, I KNOW YOU ARE ALIVE ANSWER ME!
WHY ARE YOU STARING AT THE SKY?
ANDERSON...
..WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THESE THINGS.

DREDD, WHERE ARE WE GOING?
THE BORDER OF SECTOR ONE. I'M GOING TO RUN DEATH RIGHT INTO THE OOZE.
NO—YOU'LL DISSOLVE!
AND MY CONSCIOUSNESS ALONG WITH YOU!
DON'T WORRY. IT LISTENS TO ME.
WE'LL PASS THROUGH INTACT—HEALED, EVEN—BUT IT'LL BE GOOD NIGHT FOR DEATH.
HE WILL JUST FIND ANOTHER BODY.
"HE NEEDS TIME TO RIPEN
"BEFORE THAT HAPPENS, WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM."

WHAT S IT? I HAVE SURVEILLANCE DATA TO PROCESS!
JUDGE CAL, AFTER EXTENSIVE TESTING ON WHAT WE BELIEVE ARE THE CENTERS OF CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE CREATURE, WE HAVE COME TO DETERMINE THAT OUR PROBING TECHNIQUES HAVE RENDERED IT SOMEWHAT—
SPIT IT OUT, FOR GRUD'S SAKE!
. BRAIN-DEAD.
DOES THIS...
DOES THIS MEAN THE DARK JUDGES WILL NO LONGER BE CONTAINED?!
NO NO NO! THE CREATURE CONTINUES TO DISSOLVE EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES.
DROKK!
"BUT GOOD LUCK TALKING TO IT."

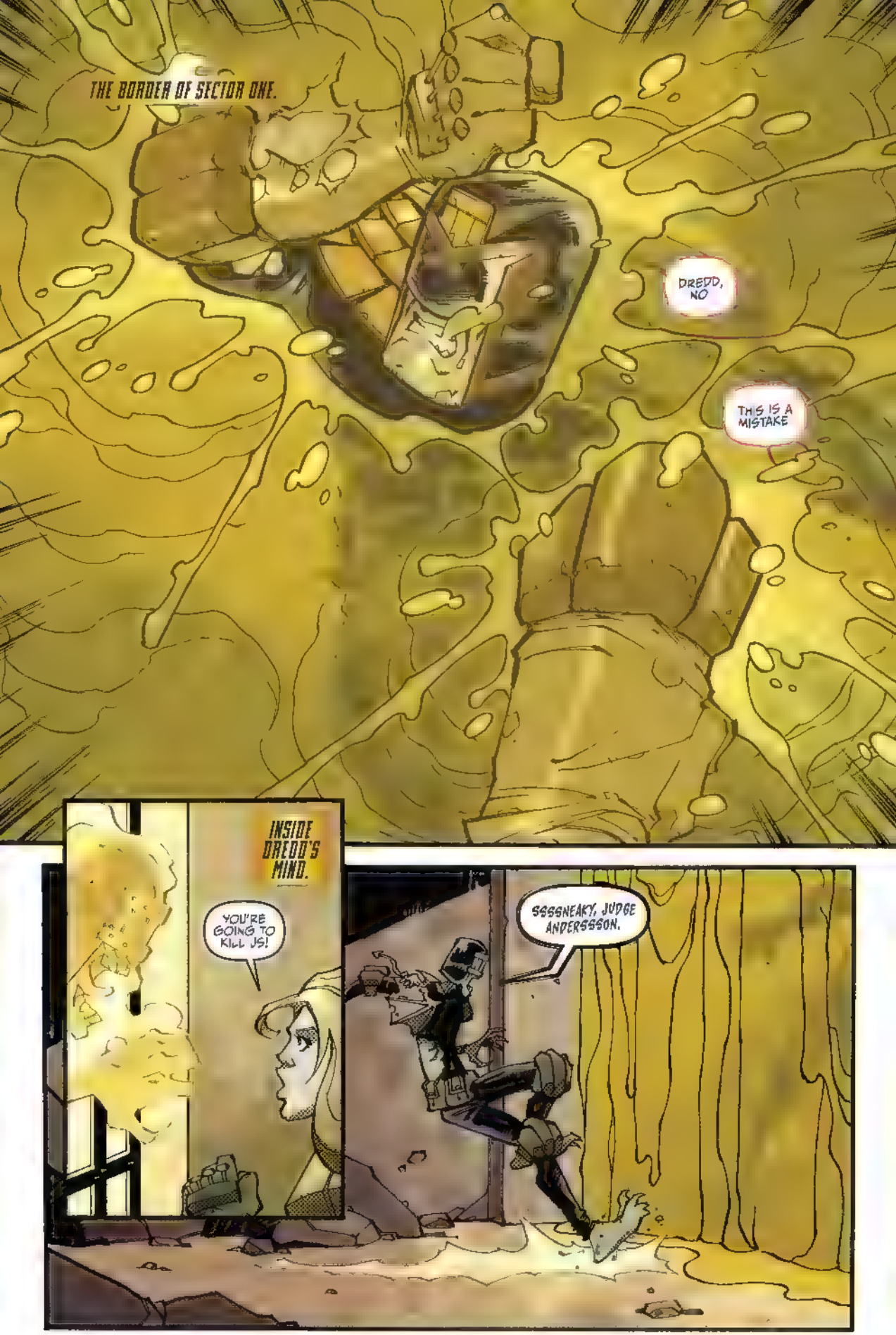
CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YES I HEAR YOU, DREDD, I'M R GHT .NS.DE YOUR M ND FOR GRUD'S S—
NOT YOU, ANDERSON, I AM TALKING TO THE OOZE.
WELL YOUR S_ ME-FRIEND ISN'T TALKING BACK.
DREDD, I'M SEE NG OUR FUTURE...
"...YOU SERIOUSLY NEED TO STOP RUNNING."

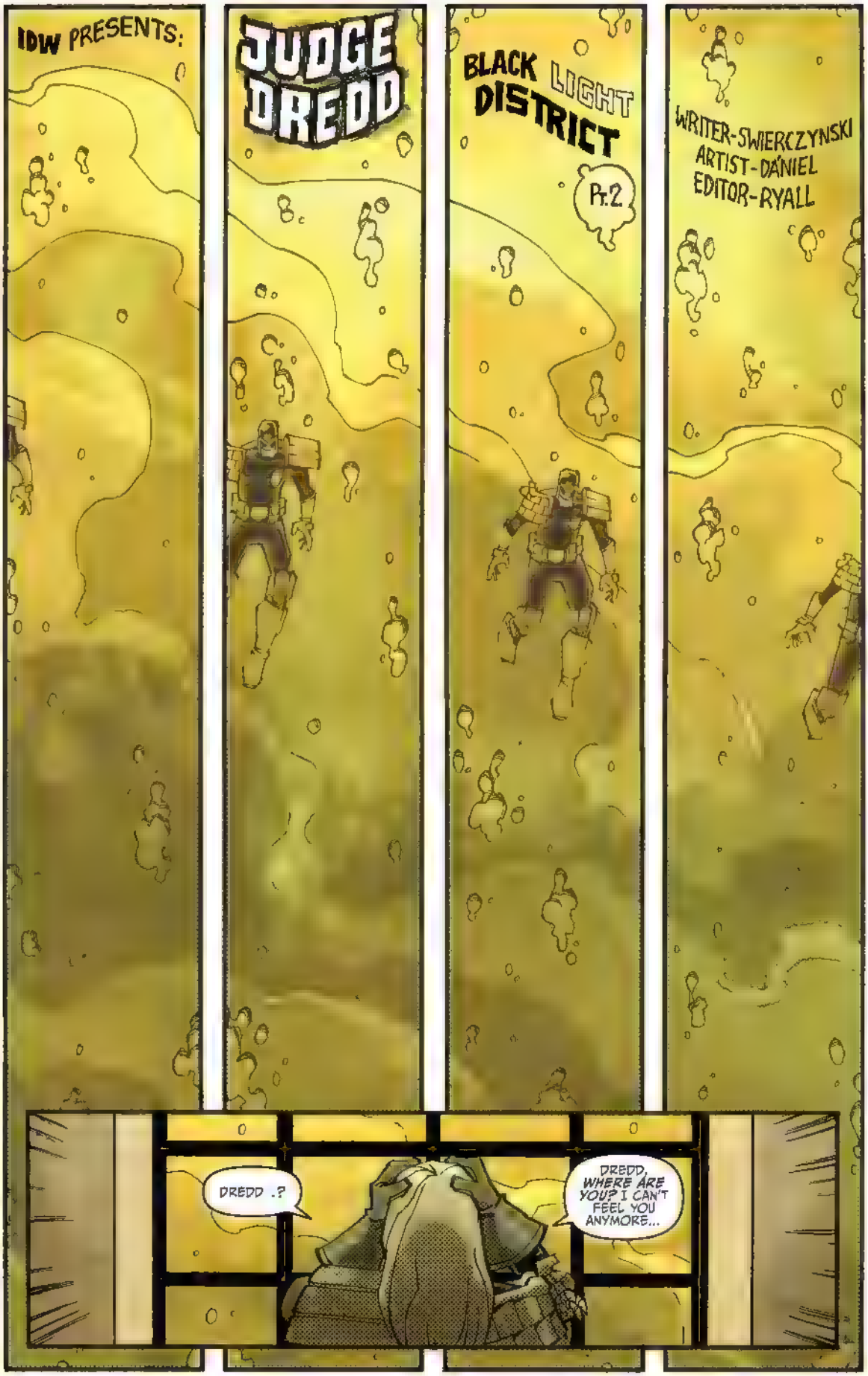
"DREDD, PLEASE STOP!"
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TRUST ME ON THIS, ANDERSON.
JUDGE ANNNDERSSSON...
...DO YOU REALISSSSSSE YOU'VE OPENED A DOOR THAT CANNOT BE CLOSSSSSED?

PRISON MOON OF TITAN.
THE POISONOUS SURFACE.
KOFF KOFF
SOMEONE'S APPROACHING
KOFF KOFF
JUDGE OMAR.. (KOFF KOFF). S THAT... (KOFF).. YOU?
WELL, LOOKIE AT WHAT FATE HAS DROPPED AT OUR FEET.

JUDGE LOWRIDGE!
COUNCIL! THE VERY SMUG BASTIDS WHO BANISHED US TO HELL.
HERE, CHIEF JUSTICE. PUT THESE ON.
EVEN IF Y'ALL ARE A HALLUCINATION, I DON'T WANT YOU CROAK'N' UNTIL WE'VE HAD SOME FUN.

ART BY KELSEY SHANNON


THE BORDER OF SECTOR ONE.
DREDD, NO
THIS IS A MISTAKE
INSIDE DREDD'S MIND.
YOU'RE GOING TO KILL US!
SSSSNEAKY, JUDGE ANDERSSSON.

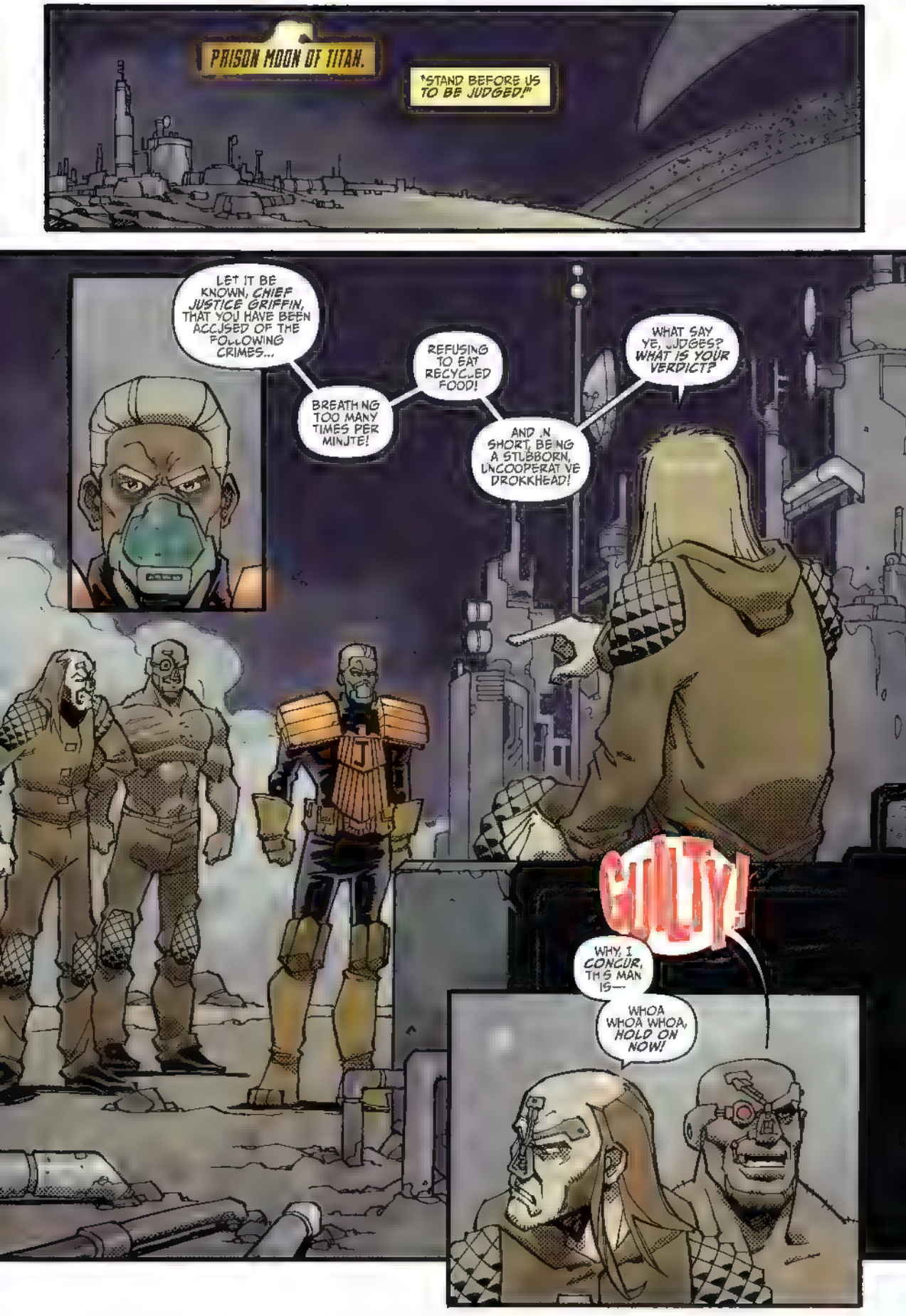

IDW PRESENTS:
JUDGE DREDD
BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT
Pt.2
WRITER-SWIERCZYNSKI
ARTIST-DANIEL
EDITOR-RYALL
DREDD .?
DREDD, WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T FEEL YOU ANYMORE...

ONE MONTH LATER.
BORDER OF SECTOR TWO.
GRUD, I MUST HAVE BLACKED OUT FOR A SECOND...
..D D JUDGE DEATH FOLLOW JS NTO THE WALL?
Subject:
FORMER JUDGE JOSEPH DREDD
HEY, ANDERSON? YOU STILL WITH ME?
Captured Subject Speech:
Hey, Anderson you still with me
Status:
Fugitive
CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. WE'VE JUST GOT ANOTHER DROKK NG FUGIT VE ALERT!
WHAT IS TH S, THE THIRTY-THIRD TH S MORN NG A ONE?
WE'RE GONNA RUN OUT OF ISO-CUBES.
TH S ONE ISN'T GO NG NS DE AN ISO-CUBE, SALERNO ..

"...WE'RE BEING SENT TO APPREHEND JUDGE DREDD!"
ANDERSON! TALK TO ME!
OH.
NOW YOU WANT TO TALK, MJH, DREDD?
WHERE WAS THIS SPARKLING CONVERSATION 30 DAYS AGO?
DAY 2
OKAY, CLEARLY YOU'RE NOT DEAD AND DISSOLVED, BECAUSE I STILL EXIST INSIDE THIS MENTAL CONSTRUCT...
DAY 10.
I DON'T GET IT. WHY NOTHING BUT GREEN?
IS THIS WHAT THE AFTERLIFE IS LIKE WHEN YOU'RE DISSOLVED BY A SENTIENT PRIMORDIAL OOZE?
HAS MY CONSCIOUSNESS MERGED WITH THE OOZE?
DAY 23.
I'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE GOTTA GET OUT. I WON'T EXIST UNLESS I GET OUT..
DAY 30.
"BEST I CAN ESTIMATE, WE WERE IN THAT OOZE FOR CLOSE TO A MONTH."

A MONTH?
THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, ANDERSON. UNLESS IT'S NO LONGER SENTIENT..
WHATEVER YOU DO, PLEASE DON'T TOUCH IT!
I CAN'T GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN.
IT MUST HAVE RECOGNIZED MY DNA FROM OUR PREVIOUS ENCOUNTER BECAUSE IT HEALED ME. OTHERWISE WE WOULD HAVE BEEN—
DROKKED
WE NEED REINFORCEMENTS, ANDERSON.
THEN WE FIND A WAY BACK INTO SECTOR ONE AND TAKE OUT THE DARK JUDGES FOR GOOD.
DREDD, HEADS UP
JOSEPH DREDD— SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY!

BAM BAM BAM BAM
DROKK! ALMOST FORGOT I'M STILL A FUGITIVE.
STOMM!
HOLD STEADY—
WE JUST GOT TO KEEP HIM PINNED DOWN UNTIL THE SJS ARRIVES!
HEAD FOR THE LOWER LEVELS.
WHAT'S GOING ON IN SECTOR TWO, ANDERSON?
I'M NO PS-JUDGE, BUT I'VE GOT THIS SUDDEN CREEPY FEELING.
LEVEL


PRISON MOON OF TITAN.
"STAND BEFORE US TO BE JUDGED!"
LET IT BE KNOWN, CHIEF JUSTICE GRIFFIN, THAT YOU HAVE BEEN ACCUSED OF THE FOLLOWING CRIMES...
BREATHING TOO MANY TIMES PER MINUTE!
REFUSING TO EAT RECYCLED FOOD!
AND, IN SHORT, BEING A STUBBORN, UNCOOPERATIVE DROKKHEAD!
WHAT SAY YE, JUDGES? WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?
GUILTY!
WHY, I CONCUR, THIS MAN IS—
WHOA WHOA WHOA, HOLD ON NOW!

I DON'T HEAR YOU BASTIDS COUNTING!
...
..47 ..48 ..-:KOFF KOFF:- .
UH-HUH. THAT'S R GHT.
NOBODY BLINKS TOO OFTEN ON MY PR SON PLANET WITHOLT SUFFER NG THE CONSEQUENCES!
LOWRIDGE, YOU WILL SOON COME TO REGRET THIS INSANE SER ES OF-
HEY, OLD MAN. WE'RE NOT IN MEGA-C TY ONE ANYMORE.
AND UP HERE, YOU'RE NOTH.NG MORE THAN AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.
RIGHT UP JNTIL THE POINT YOU FAIL TO ENTERTAIN.
SHOW 'EM, GULLS.
NO— DON'T—
-:KAK KAK KAK KAK KAK:-
REPLACE JDGE MCGRJDER'S BREATH NG UN T TH S INSTANT!
I BESEECH YOU!
HEH.
G'HEAD, GULLS. PUT IT BACK. SUDDENLY, I'M ENTERTAINED AGAIN.

CAN'T YOU FEEL THAT, ANDERSON?
THAT SENSAT ON OF A MILL ON EYES ON US?
I'M NOT PICKING UP ANY S GNS OF LIFE OTHER THAN THOSE TWO STREET JUDGES.
WHICH HAS ME WORR ED. WHERE ARE ALL THE CITIZENS IN THIS SECTOR?
FROM WHAT I'M SEE NG, THE C TY LOOKS ABANDONED.
AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE THE PSYCHIC?
I'M TELLING YOU—WE'RE NOT ALONE.

Fugitive:
JOSEPH DREDD LOCATED
Requesting more SKY-EYES
HZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
WHAT THE...
HZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
.. TOO TINY TO SHOOT..
...BJT I NEED THESE THINGS OFF ME!

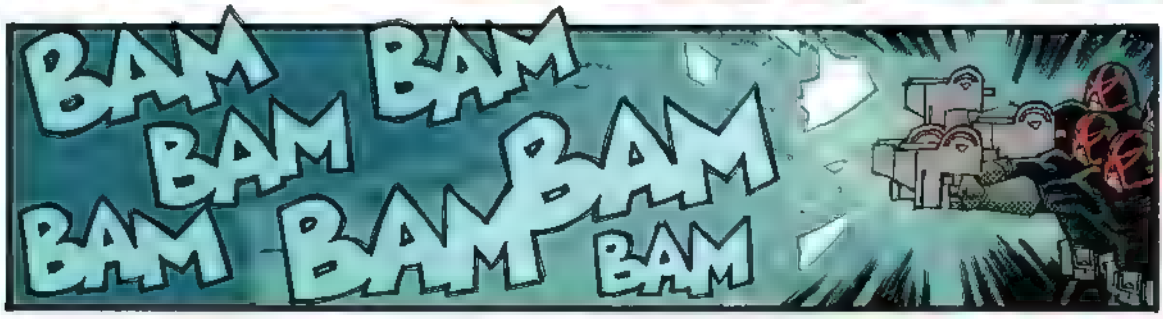
THE SKY-EYES HAVE ATTACHED TO THE FUGITIVE.
THIS S GREAT! WE'RE PICKING UP EVERY POSSIBLE READING, FROM HEARTBEAT TO EMOTIONAL STATE TO AURA TO—
HEY! WANT TO KNOW THE LAST THING DREDD ATE?
OUT.
ALL OF YOU.
I DON'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE FRAME OF DREDD'S DEMISE
ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE. UH..
STILL NEED TO KNOW YOUR THOUGHTS ON THE JH DEADEYE PROBLEM IN SECTORS 2, 3, 4.. OH, AND NOW IT LOOKS LIKE 5 THROUGH 8..
MY DEAR MAN...
.. DON'T BOTHER ME WITH RUMORS AND URBAN LEGENDS OF ALLEGED SOCIAL SHOCK SYNDROMES.

"IF OUR ATTENTION IS PARALYZING THE SINISTER HEARTS OF THE CRIMINAL CLASS, THEN I'D SAY THE SKY-EYE PROGRAM IS WORKING, WOULDN'T YOU?"
ANDERSON...
-- ARE YOU SEEING THIS?
ALRIGHT, ALL OF YOU.
I WANT NAMES AND SECTOR ASSIGNMENTS
AT BASE. I'M NOT HERE TO JUDGE YOU.
YET.
ANDERSON, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THIS PUNK?
OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT HIS PUPILS ARE DILATED AND I CAN PRACTICALLY HEAR HIS HEART SLAMMING INTO HIS RIBS?
FINE. HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
YOU CAN STAY FROZEN IN PLACE IN THE NEAREST ISO—
DREDD, STOP IT.

I'M PICKING UP DOZENS OF MURMURS IN THAT PLAZA.
IT'S TOUGH SEPARATING ONE VOICE FROM THE OTHERS...
"...BUT IT SEEMS LIKE ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE CAL—"
"ACTING WHAT?!"
"DON'T INTERRUPT! CAL HAS ALL OF THE NEARBY SECTORS UNDER SOME KIND OF EXTREME SURVEILLANCE...
"...AND THESE CITIZENS ARE LITERALLY PARALYZED BY THE THOUGHT OF BEING WATCHED CONSTANTLY.
PERSONAL WASTE MANAGEMENT FACILITY
"SO THEY DON'T MOVE."

THAT'S IT!
86!
87!
89!
CHIEF JUST CE, LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY..
.. GET THE OTHERS READY.
WE ARE GOING OFF-MOON.
90!
91!
OMAR?
IS THAT YOU?
YEAH, IT'S ME, CHIEF JUSTICE. GLESS YOU GOT HERE THE SAME WAY I DID.
BJT I WAS ABLE TO EVADE LOWR DGE AND THE OTHER CONS.
DON'T WORRY.
I'M JUST ABOJT FIN SHED REPA RING OUR TICKET OFF THIS ROCK.

CIT ZENS! H T THE FLOOR!


BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM

THOK
THOK
THOK
THOK
THOK
THOK

HNUH
DREDD.

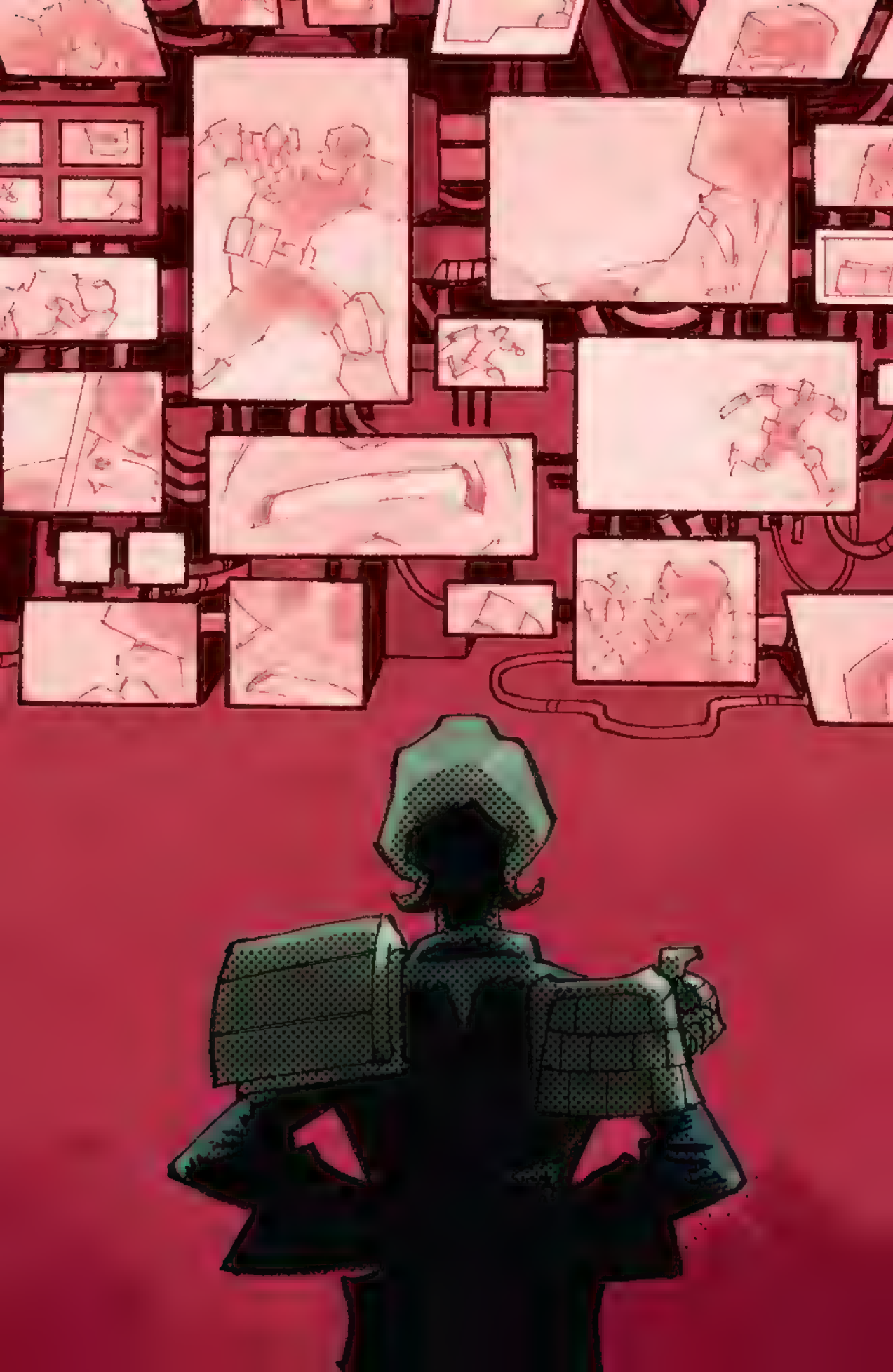
I'M FINE, ANDERSON.
JUST FIND ME A WAY OUT OF HERE!
PA-PA-CHAK-CHAK
PA-PA-CHAK-CHAK
WHUD
WHUD
WHUD
WHUD
ENJOY YOUR RETIREMENT, JUDGE DREDD.

ANDERSON, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS...
NO.
BUT I HAVE TO RETREAT TO SECTOR ONE!
DREDD, PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME!
I'LL FIND US ANOTHER WAY OUT, I SWEAR!
BAM

ONE MONTH LATER.
ARGH
DREDD, YOU'RE THERE AGAIN, AREN'T YOU?
DREDD, I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD, THAT I WAS DEAD.
I FELT YOJR HEART EXPLODE.
I FELT US DIE.
I'VE BEEN REL VING OUR DEATH FOREVER
WELL, WE'RE ST LL HERE, ANDERSON

WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME FOR SECTOR ONE.

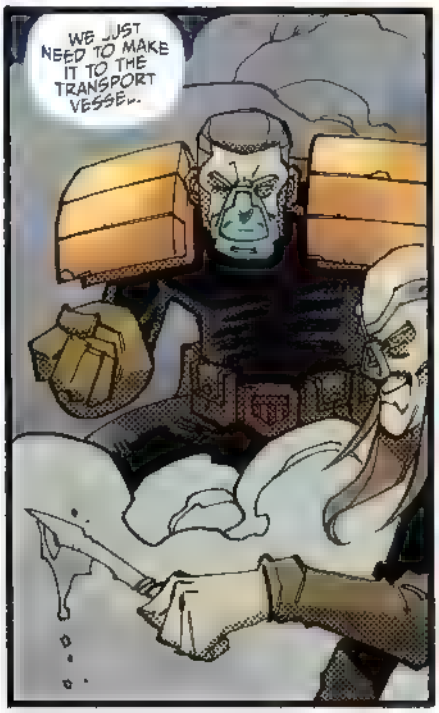
DREDD
WE'VE BEEN WAITING AGESSS FOR YOU.
DEATH
GLAD YOU'RE ALL LINED UP.
BECAUSE I'M SENDING YOU ONE BY ONE BACK TO YOUR MISERABLE LITTLE DIMENSION!
BRING ME HISSSS BODY.
HE'S THE KEY TO OUR SSSURVIVAL!



ART BY DAVID STOUPAKIS

THE PRISON MOON OF TITAN.
YOU WANNA SEE ME DO IT?
WANNA SEE ME KILL THE CHIEF JUSTICE HIMSELF?
HEY!
LOWRIDGE!
I ALREADY SENTENCED YOU ONCE, LOWRIDGE.
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE MY BREATH DOING IT AGAIN.

SO LET'S SKIP TO THE PART WHERE I ADMINISTER JUSTICE.
GAHHHHHH!
GUESS IT'S KILL TH COUNCIL DAY AFTER ALL!
:KOFF KOFF KOFF KOFF:
:KAK:
KEEP F GHT NG, JUDGES!


WE JUST NEED TO MAKE IT TO THE TRANSPORT VESSE..

ONE DOWN THREE DIRTY BASTIDS TO GO.

BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
INSIDE THE BORDER OF SECTOR ONE.
CHUK CHUK CHUK CHUK
SLIIIIICE
ANDERSON—
—WHY AREN'T THEY KILLING ME?
IT'S AS IF THEY'RE JUST TOYING WITH—
—HNUH

DREDD. SO GOOD TO HEAR YOU AFTER ALL THIS TIME.
MAYBE THIS IS A FIGHT WE CAN'T WIN.
MAYBE WE JUST LET THIS WORLD SLIP AWAY AND TRY ANOTHER ONE.
SNAP THE DROKK OUT OF IT, ANDERSON, AND—
—DO YOUR JOB!
SHIIIICE
I DON'T WANT TO GO INSIDE THEIR HEADS AGAIN.
THEY MIGHT WORM THEIR WAY IN HERE AND NEVER LEAVE.
BESIDES I'M DEAD, AND DEAD PEOPLE DON'T HAVE JOBS ANY MORE IT'S ONE OF THE PERKS.
HNUH
DO IT OR WE HEAD BACK INTO THE OOZE!
FINE.

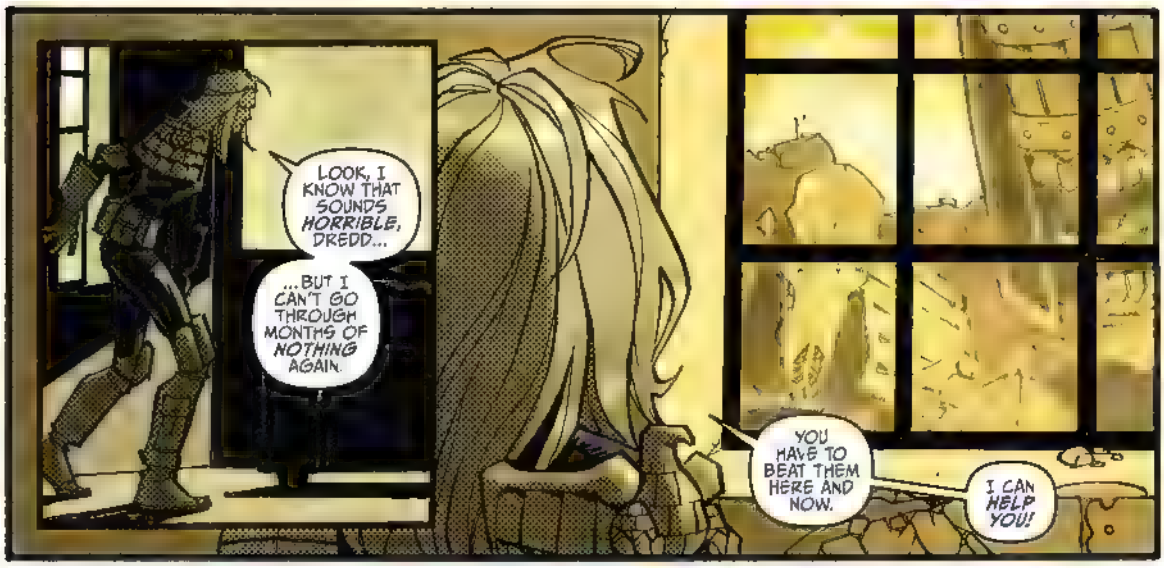
THEY KNOW YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN PASS THROUGH THE BARRIER ALIVE.
THEY WANT TO CAPTURE AND CLONE YOU, THEN MAKE FLESH SUITS OUT OF YOUR CLONES.
THAT WAY, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO PASS INTO THE OTHER SECTORS AND TAKE OVER MEGA-CITY ONE.
GRUD.
HEY, YOU ASKED.

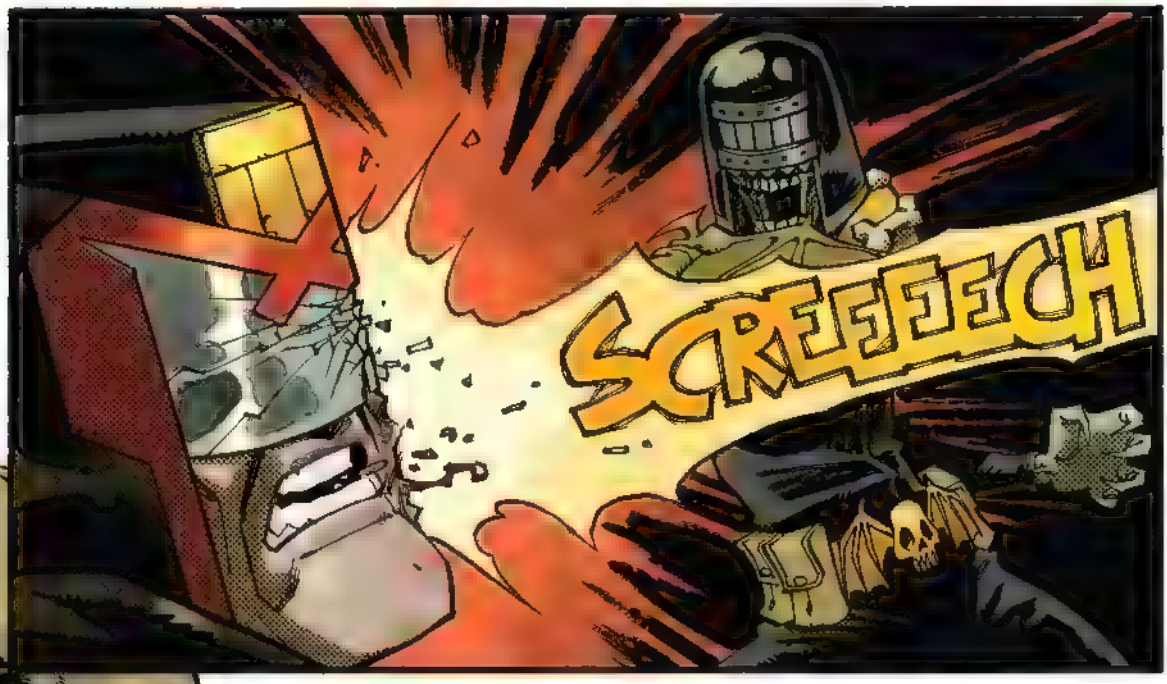
JUDGE DREDD

BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT

CONCLUSION

Writer Swierczynski.
Artist Dániel.
Editor Ryall.


LOOK, I KNOW THAT SOUNDS HORRIBLE, DREDD...
...BUT I CAN'T GO THROUGH MONTHS OF NOTHING AGAIN.
YOU HAVE TO BEAT THEM HERE AND NOW.
I CAN HELP YOU!


SCREEEEECH

I'M ONLY USEFUL TO THEM ALIVE, HUH?
I'M THE ONLY WAY THEY CAN MAKE IT INTO THE OTHER SECTORS..
WAIT, GRUD NO.
WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING, DON'T DO IT!

TEMPORARY HALL OF JUSTICE-SECTOR TWO.
"ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE CAL, I WOULD VERY MUCH LOVE A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME.
"IT'S IMPORTANT. IT'S ABOUT THE SURVIVAL OF THE CITY!"
ISN'T EVERYTHING?
GO ON, GO ON. YOU'RE HERE ALREADY. MAKE IT QUICK.
CASES OF DEADEYE ARE EXPANDING EXPONENTIALLY, ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE.
OUTBREAKS ARE HEAVIEST, IT SEEMS, WHERE OUR SURVEILLANCE PRESENCE IS STRONGEST—THE AREAS SURROUNDING SECTOR ONE.
STOP CALLING IT DEADEYE. I TOLD YOU PEOPLE—IT'S A MINOR AFFLICTION RELATED TO FUTURE SHOCK SYNDROME.
IF IT EVEN EXISTS AT ALL.
RESPECTFULLY, ACTING CHIEF, IT'S A MATTER OF SCIENTIFIC—
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR SCIENCE I'M TOO BUSY RULING THIS CITY!

ALL OF YOU, BACK OFF—
—OR I PULL THE TRIGGER!
WHAT THE DROKK ARE YOJ DOING?
SSSO WILLING TO SSSSACRIFICE YOURSSSSSELF.
IT'S NOT SACRIF CE. IT'S THE ONLY SMART PLAY.
YOU CAN'T RISK TRY NG TO MAKE A CLONE FROM MY CORPSE.
DREDD, THIS IS THE DUMBEST MOVE IN THE WORLD. WHO THE DROKK HOLDS HIMSELF HOSTAGE N A STANDOFF?
YOU WON'T DO IT.
SSSUICIDE GOES AGAINSSST EVERYTHING YOU-

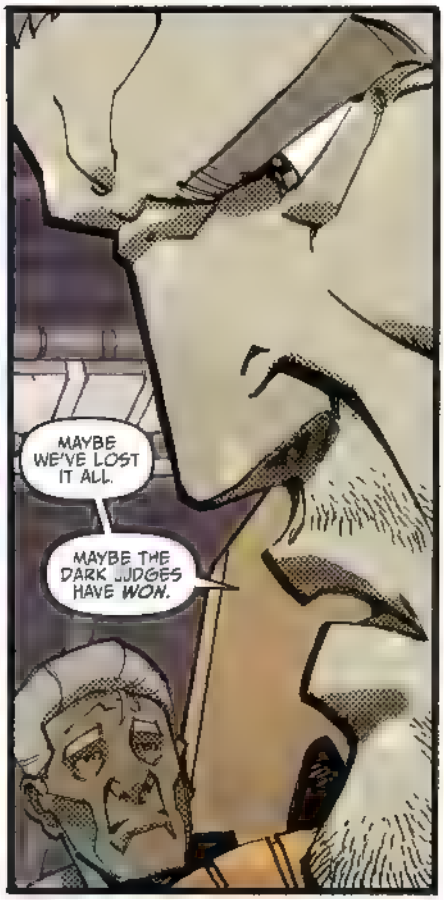
KRAK
SPLUTCH
IT'SS A TRICK!
THE SSSENTIENT OOZE MUSSST HAVE REGENERATIVE PROPERTIESSS AS WELL AS DESSSTRUCTIVE.
"WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU, DREDD."

THREE MONTHS LATER.
GASP
SORRY, ANDERSON.
BUT IT WAS THE ONLY MOVE.
ANDERSON..
...HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN GONE!?

ANDERSON?
COME ON. STOP BE NG MAD AT ME, AND HE_P ME F GURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.
BAM
HUH. THESE DON'T LOOK FAMIL.AR.
GREETINGS, HARD-WORKING STREET JUDGE!
THANK YOU FOR CHOOS NG EXORCIST ROUNDS, CREATED BY MY SPEC.AL SC ENCE SERVICES DIV S ON.
WH LE THE OTHER SECTORS HAVE NOT YET SUFFERED ANY DARK JUDGE ATTACKS IN MONTHS.. YOU NEVER KNOW.
BUT WHEN THEY COME FOR US—AND YOU KNOW THEY WILL—YOU CAN TAKE COMFORT N THE FACT THAT THESE EXORCIST ROUNDS.
... WILL TEMPORARILY SEPARATE THE HOST BODY FROM THE TRANS-D MENSIONAL .NVADER AND .
ALR GHT, DARK JUDGES.
LET'S SEE HOW YOU—

ONE MONTH LATER.
"WE'RE PRACTICALLY IN EARTH'S BACKYARD..."
"...BUT STILL NO RESPONSE FROM MEGA-CITY ONE, CHIEF JUSTICE!"

KEEP TRYING. THE WHOLE CITY COULDN'T HAVE GONE DARK.
BUT MAYBE THAT'S IT. WE'VE LOST SO MUCH ALREADY— McGRUDER, ECKS, QUIMBY...


MAYBE WE'VE LOST IT ALL.
MAYBE THE DARK JUDGES HAVE WON.

ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE, THERE'S AN UNAUTHORIZED VESSEL ENTERING THE ATMOSPHERE!
AND THIS IS RELEVANT TO ME HOW?
WELL, THIS ONE'S CLAIMING TO HAVE THE CHIEF JUSTICE ABOARD.
WHICH CAN'T BE THE CASE, CAN IT?
ORIGIN, PLEASE.
TITAN, SIR.
WHICH IS STRANGE BECAUSE THERE HASN'T BEEN A RETURN TRIP FROM TITAN SINCE WE LOST—
ENOUGH.
I'M WELL AWARE OF THE EARTH-TO-TITAN TRANSPORT SCHEDULES.
CLEARLY THIS IS AN OFF-WORLD TERRORIST PLOT AIDED BY DISGRACED JUDGES AND PERHAPS EVEN SOME PLANET-SIDE CONSPIRATORS.
DESTROY IT!

—HANDLE THESE!

RIGHT ON SSSSCHEDULE...

..DREDD S THAT REALLY YOU...

NGUH

WE'VE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO SSSSEE YOU COMING, DREDD.

WHAT IS GO NG ON? I CAN'T SEE.

THE CLONING MACHINE ISSSSS WAITING FOR YOU. DEATH ISSSS NOT AN OPTION NOW.

OH GRJD, WE NEED HELP.

IT MIGHT HURT LESSSSS IF YOU DON'T SSSTRUGGLE...

OR PERHAPSSSS IT'LL HURT EVEN WORSSSSE.

ANYONE?!

IS THERE ANYONE LEFT IN SECTOR ONE?!

ANYONE?!
THERE YOU GO. THAT SIGN YOU'VE BEEN WAIT NG FOR.
WHAT MORE DO YOU NEED?
YOU'RE THE LAST SON OF A BITCH STANDING.
RUNN NG.
WHATEVER.
YOJ MADE T THIS LONG FOR A REASON.
PSI-COP IN MY HEAD, F YOU CAN HEAR ME, TELL YOUR BOY...
...I'M COMING!
SHUK
GIVE THEM HELL, HONEY.

WHOOOOSH
DARK JUDGES..
..PREPARE TO BE JUDGED.
STEP OUT OF THOSE HOST BODIES WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
KAHN-PELL
KAHN-PELL
KAHN-PELL
KAHN-PELL

RIIIIIIP
FWOOOSH
NCEND ARY.
THISSSSSSS ISSSSSSS NOT THE END!
RESPECTFULLY DISAGREE.

PACHODA.
BEEN A WHILE, DREDD.
WHAT'S NEW?
DREDD, NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME!
I CAN'T GO THROUGH ANOTHER MONTH OF NOTHING. YOU HEAR ME?
WE CAN FIND ANOTHER WAY AROUND THE SECTOR WALL. WE JUST HAVE TO PUT OUR MINDS TOGETHER AND—
TRHOOM
DREDD, WHAT WAS THAT?
DREDD!

"THE CHIEF JUSTICE IS DEAD."
LONG LIVE THE CHIEF JUSTICE.
NEXT
Mega-City
Precinct

DREDD
AMERICA IS AN IRRADIATED WASTELAND. WITHIN IT LIES A CITY. OUTSIDE THE BOUNDARY WALLS A DESERT. A CURSED EARTH. INSIDE THE WALLS A CURSED CITY. STRETCHING FROM BOSTON TO WASHINGTON D.C. AN UNBROKEN CONCRETE LANDSCAPE. 800 MILLION PEOPLE LIVING IN THE RUIN OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE MEGA-STRUCTURES OF THE NEW ONE. MEGA-BLOCKS. MEGA-HIGHWAYS. MEGA-CITY ONE. CONVULSING. CHOKING. BREAKING UNDER ITS OWN WEIGHT. CITIZENS IN FEAR OF THE STREET. THE GUN. THE GANG. ONLY ONE THING: FIGHTING FOR ORDER IN THE CHAOS.
THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HALL OF JUSTICE. JURIES. EXECUTIONERS. JUDGES.

ART BY *JAMES BIGGIE*

ART BY KELSEY SHANNON

ART BY JEFFREY VEREGGE

ART BY JOHN CHARLES

ISSUE #23
PAGE ONE

1/ We open with the battle-scarred body of DREDD plunging into the wall of green ooze (a beat after we left him in #22). Let's see it from a POV inside the ooze, with Dredd leaping toward us like he's smashing through a window, arms covering his face.

1 LOC CAP
The border of Sector One

2 ANDERSON
(psi burst)
dredd, NO

3 ANDERSON
(psi burst)
this is a mistake

2/ Cut to ANDERSON, inside her mind apartment, screaming as she faces the spectral image of JUDGE DEATH, who is ducking his head in through the windows (as if taking a peek inside her personal space).

4 LOC CAP
Inside Dredd's mind

5 ANDERSON
You're going to kill us!

3/ Out in the real world, Judge Death skids to stop just outside the wall of ooze. Gravel kicks up on his boot heels. Inside the ooze, we see the blurry image of Dredd's body and ripples of displacement.

6 DEATH
Ssssneaky, Judge Andersssson.

ISSUE #23
PAGE TWO

1/ Dredd's body begins to slowly travel through the ooze. Let's start him on one side of the panel and over the next three panels, inch him towards to the other side of the panel. What we want to get across here is that Dredd's not just swimming through it; his body is traveling at an excruciatingly slow rate. He's also not in control; it's like he's in a coma, his limbs akimbo.

1 TITLE
IDW Presents

2/ Dredd's body is now one quarter of the way through the ooze.

2 TITLE
JUDGE DREDD

3/ Now halfway through.
3 TITLE
Black Light District, Pt. 2

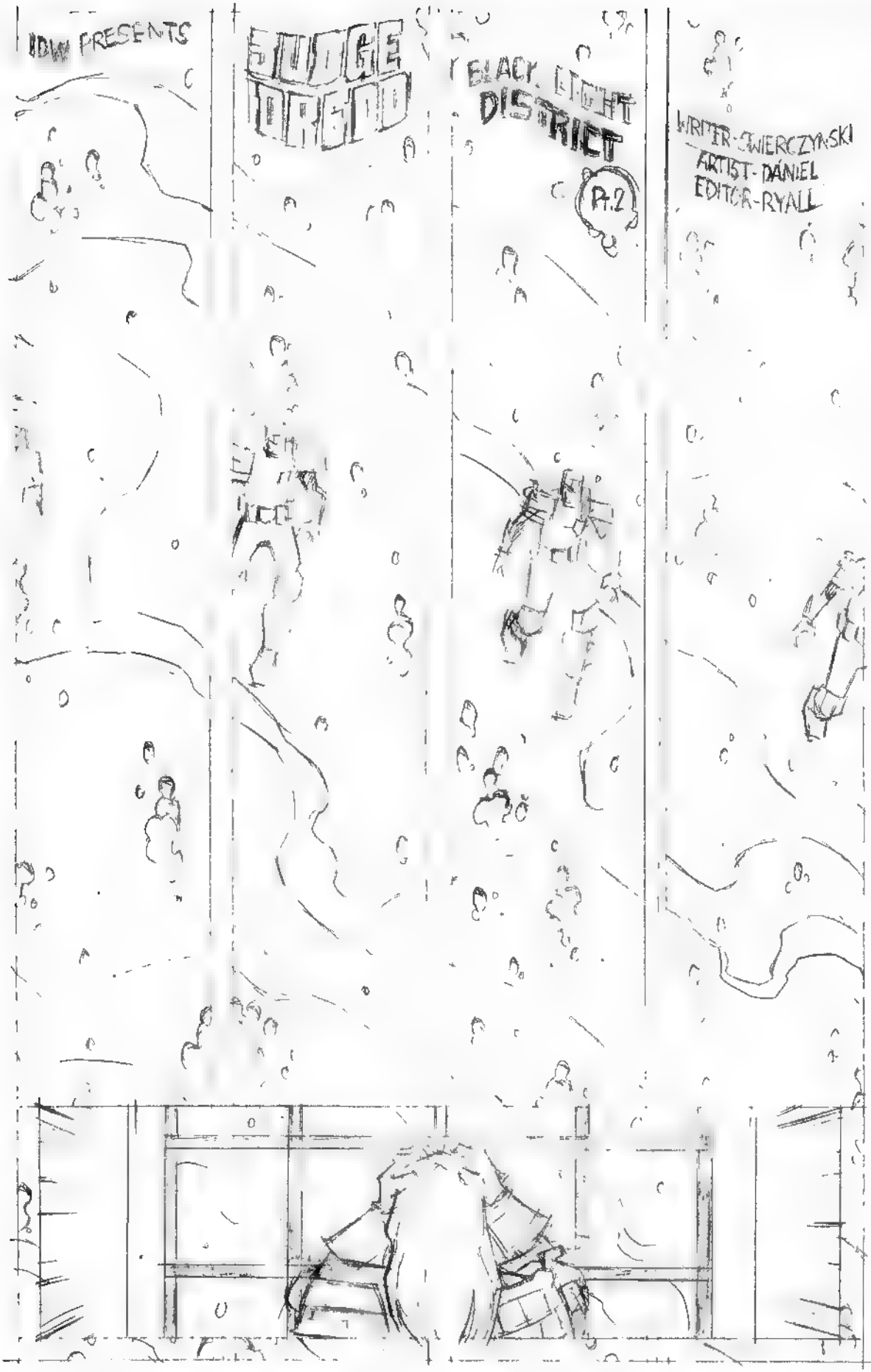
4/ Now on the other side of the panel.

4 CREDITS
Writer: Swierczynski. Artist: Daniel. Editor: Ryall.

5/ Small horizontal panel at the bottom from a POV Anderson as she looks outside her Mind Apartment windows and sees nothing but green.

5 ANDERSON
Dredd...?

6 ANDERSON
Dredd, where are you? I can't feel you anymore.


IDW PRESENTS
JUDGE DREDD
BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT
PT.2
WRITER-SWIERCZYNSKI
ARTIST-DANIEL
EDITOR-RYALL

ISSUE #23
PAGE THREE

1/ Black panel, with the time cap in stark white.

1 TIME CAP
One month later

2/ Dredd emerges from the other side of the haze. His body and uniform are completely restored.

2 LOC CAP
Border of Sector Two

3 DREDD
Grud, I must have blacked out for a second...

4 DREDD
Did Judge Death follow us into the wall?

3/ From a bird's eye SURVEILLANCE DRONE POV, looking down at Dredd. It should be digitized and look something like this: http://ak7.picdn.net/shutterstock/videos/4180106/preview/stock-footage-military-surveillance-screen.jpg

5 DREDD
Hey, Anderson? You still with me?

6 DRONE DISPLAY
Subject: Former Judge Joseph Dredd

7 DRONE DISPLAY
Captured Subject Speech: Hey, Anderson you still with me

4/ From another SURVEILLANCE DRONE POV, at eye level, which gives us a tighter shot of Dredd's face.

8 DRONE DISPLAY
Status: Fugitive

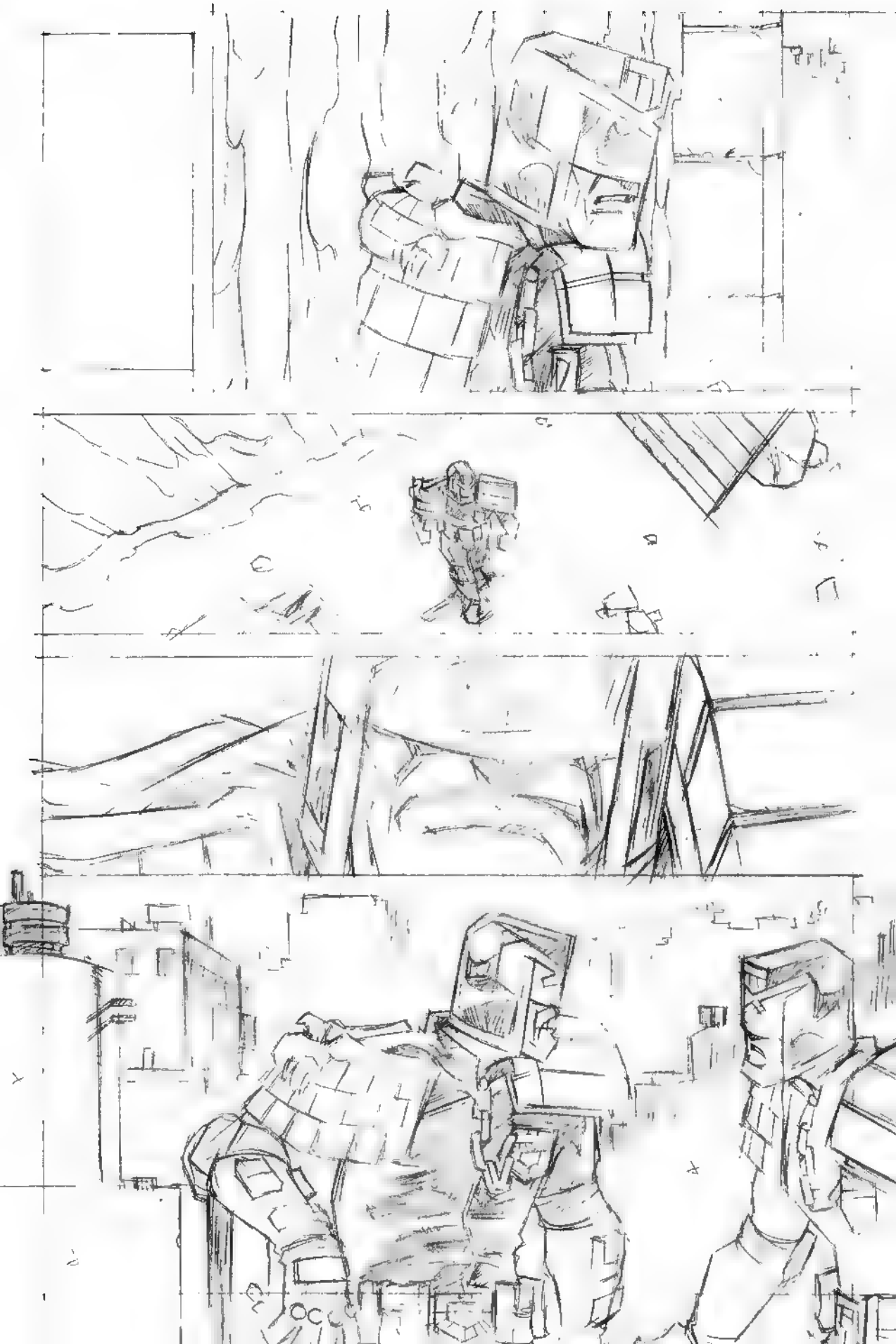
5/ Cut to a pair of tired-looking street judges — WINSLOW and SALERNO.

9 JUDGE WINSLOW
Can't believe this. We've just got another drokking fugitive alert!

10 JUDGE SALERNO
What is this, the thirty-third this morning alone?

11 JUDGE SALERNO
We're gonna run out of iso-cubes.

12 JUDGE WINSLOW
This one isn't going inside an iso-cube, Salerno...



ISSUE #23
PAGE FOUR

1/ Cut back to Dredd, looking supremely annoyed.

1 CAP (SALERNO)
"...We're being sent to apprehend Judge Dredd!"

2 DREDD
Anderson! Talk to me!

2/ Inside the Mind Apartment, tight on Anderson's exhausted face. Looks like she's been up for a month straight. Faraway look in her eyes.

3 ANDERSON
Oh.

4 ANDERSON
Now you want to talk, huh, Dredd?

5 ANDERSON
Where was this sparkling conversation 30 days ago?

3/ Flashback: Anderson inside her Mind Apartment, feeling the walls, as if to make sure they're "real."

6 TIME CAP
Day 2

7 ANDERSON
Okay, clearly you're not dead and dissolved, because I still exist inside this mental construct...

4/ Flashback: over Anderson's shoulder as she looks out of her windows and sees nothing but the ooze.

8 TIME CAP
Day 10

9 ANDERSON
I don't get it. Why nothing but green?

10 ANDERSON
Is this what the afterlife is like when you're dissolved by a sentient primordial ooze?

11 ANDERSON
Has my consciousness merged with the ooze?

5/ Flashback: Anderson claws at a wall, pulling chunks of plaster away.

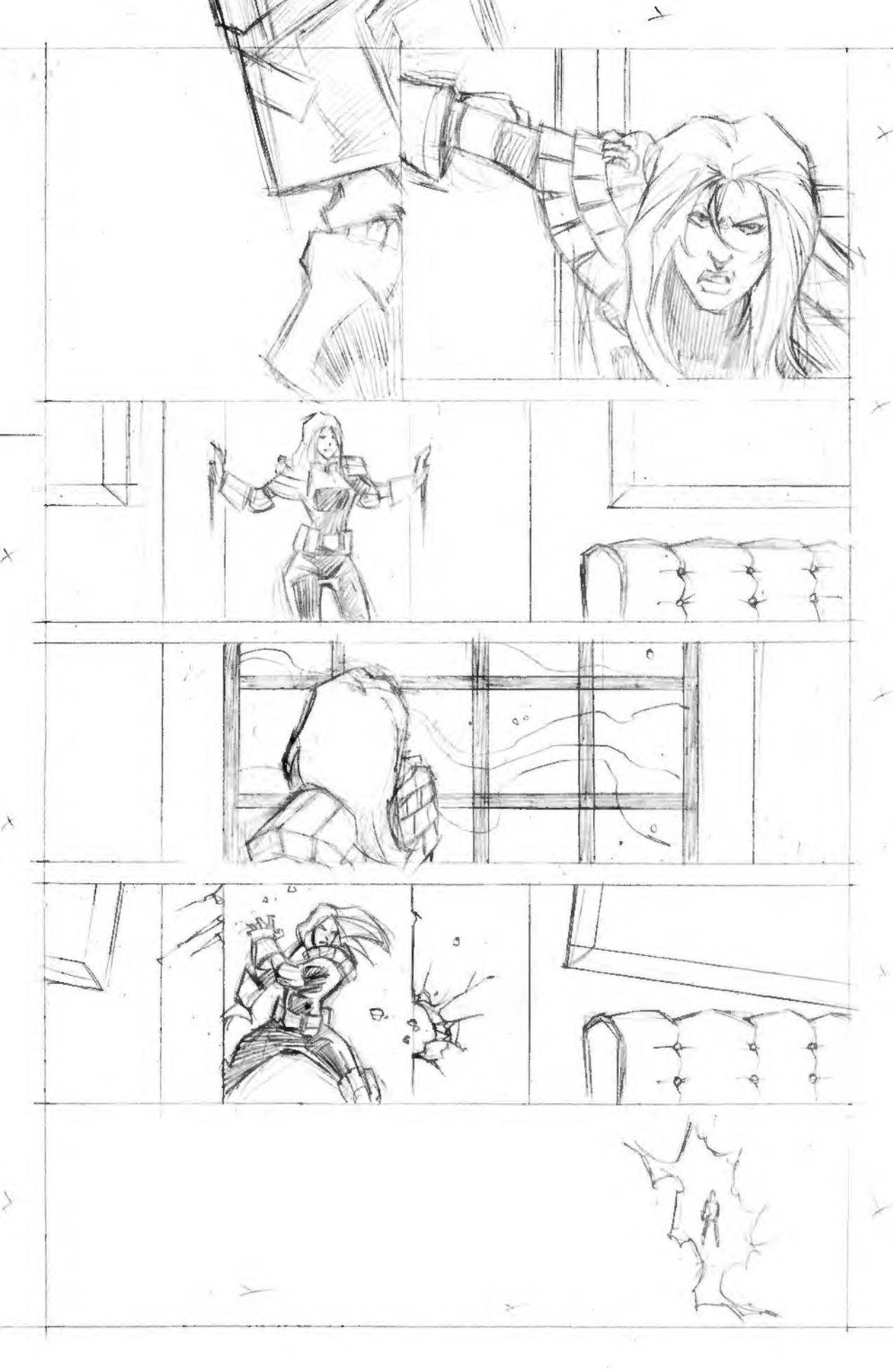
12 TIME CAP
Day 23

13 ANDERSON
I've gotta get out of here. Gotta get out. I won't exist unless I get out...

6/ Flashback: a vast universe of empty space. Deep in the background, we see a faint star flickering. To one side, there's a tear in the fabric of space, and Anderson leans out of it, pondering the void, far-away look on her face.

14 TIME CAP
Day 30

15 CAP (ANDERSON)
"Best I can estimate, we were in that ooze for close to a month."



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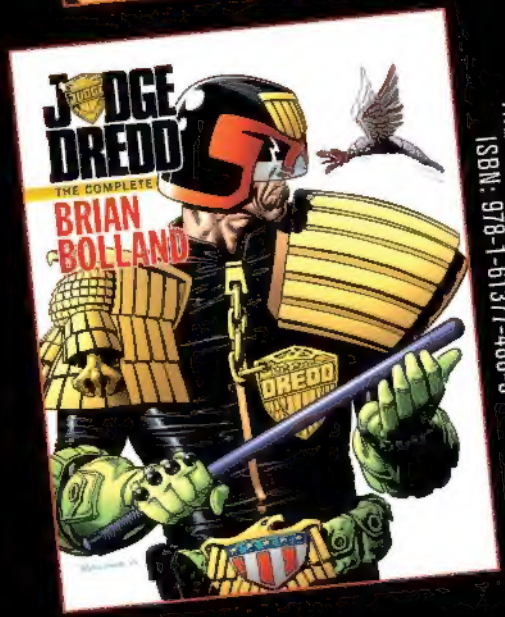

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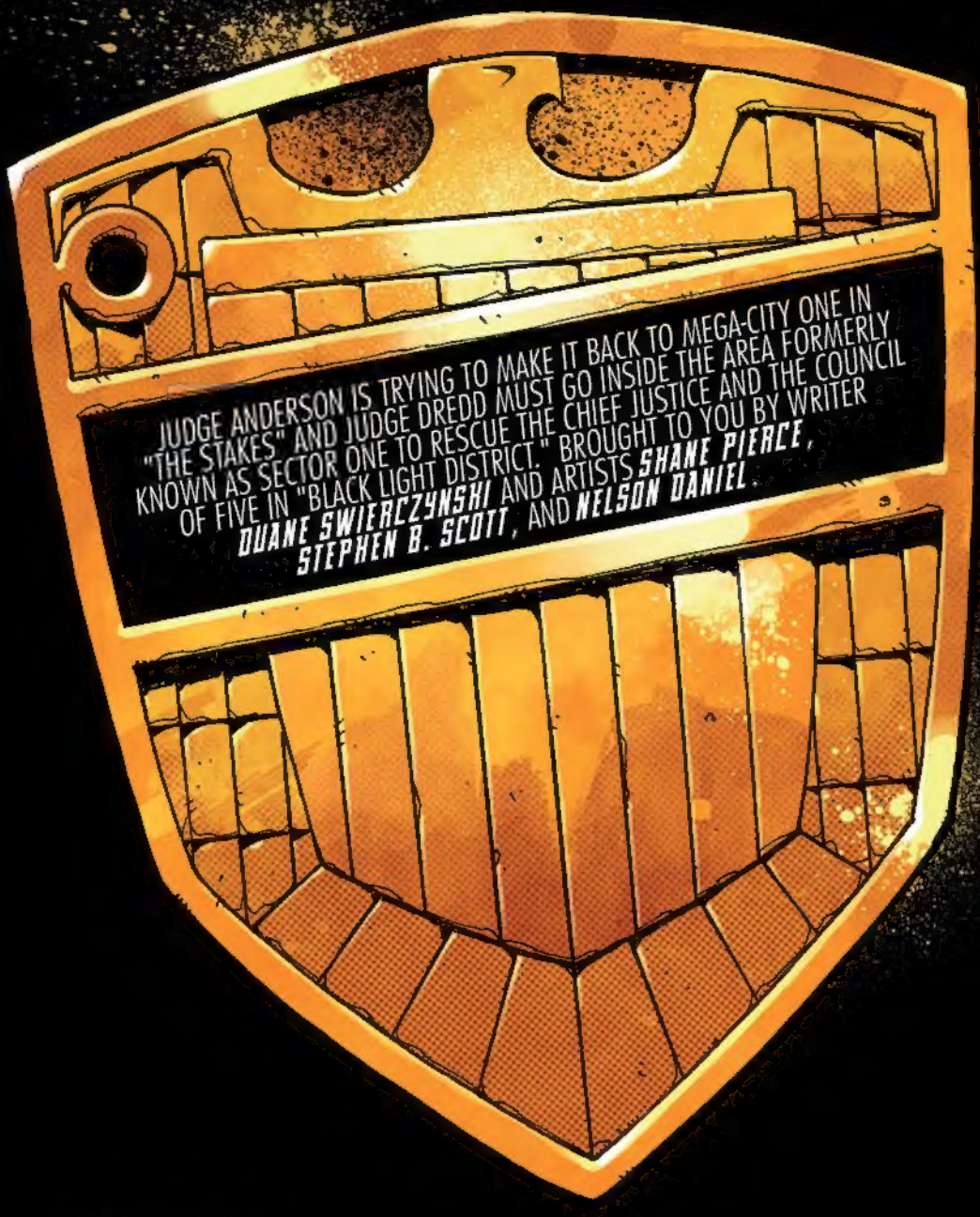
JUDGE ANDERSON IS TRYING TO MAKE IT BACK TO MEGA-CITY ONE IN "THE STAKES" AND JUDGE DREDD MUST GO INSIDE THE AREA FORMERLY KNOWN AS SECTOR ONE TO RESCUE THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE COUNCIL OF FIVE IN "BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT." BROUGHT TO YOU BY WRITER DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI AND ARTISTS SHANE PIERCE, STEPHEN B. SCOTT, AND NELSON DANIEL.

Collects issues #21–24

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